1st

A

PANEGYRICK

TO MY

Lord Protector,

BY A

GENTLEMAN

THAT

Loves the Peace, Union, and Prosperity

OF THE

English Nation.

By Edmond Waller.

CLAUDIAN: &c.

Gaudet enim virtus testes sibi jungere Musas,
Carmen amat quisquis Carmine digna gerit.

LONDON,

Printed by *Thomas Newcomb*, in *Thames-street* over against *Baynards-Castle*, 1655.

UMI

PANEGYRICK

TO MY

Lord Protector,

BY A

GENTLEMAN

THAT

Loves the Peace, Union, and Prosperity

OF THE

English Nation.

By Edmond Waller.

CLAUDIAN: &c.

Gaudet enim virtus testes sibi jungere Musas,
Carmen amat quisquis Carmine digna gerit.

LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Newcomb, in Thames-street
over against Baynards-Castle, 1655

A

PANEGYRICK

TO MY

Lord Protector,

By: mr Waller.

WHILE with a strong, and yet a gentle Hand
You bridle Faction, and our Hearts command;
Protect us from our Selves, and from the Foe;
Make us Unite, and make us Conquer too;
Let partial Spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot Raign,
And own no Liberty, but where they may
Without controule upon their Fellows prey.
Above the Waves as *Neptune* shew'd his Face
To chide the Winds, and save the *Trojan* Race;
So has your Highness rais'd above the rest
Storms of Ambition tossing us repress:
Your drooping Country torn with Civill Hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious State;

The ſeat of Empire, where the *Iriſh* come,
And the unwilling *Scotch* to fetch their doome:
The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet
With bending Sayles each Veſſel of our Fleet;
Your Power extends as farr as Winds can blowe,
Or ſwelling Sayles upon the Globe may goe.
Heav'n, that has plac'd this Iſland to give Lawe,
To balance *Europe*, and her States to awe,
In this Conjunction does on *Brittain* ſmile,
The greateſt Leader, and the greateſt Ile;
Whether this portion of the World were rent
By the rude Ocean from the Continent,
Or thus Created, it was ſure deſign'd
To be the Sacred Refuge of Mankind.
Hither th' oppreſſed ſhall henceforth reſort,
Juſtice to crave, and Succour at your Court;
And then your Highneſs, not for ours alone,
But for the Worlds Protector ſhall be known:
Fame, ſwifter then your winged Navie, flyes
Through every Land that near the Ocean lyes,
Sounding your Name, and telling dreadfull newes
To all that Piracy and Rapine uſe:
With ſuch a Chief the meaneſt Nation bleſt,
Might hope to liſt her Head above the reſt;
What may be thought impoſſible to doe
For us embraced by the Sea and You?
Lords of the Worlds great Waſte, the Ocean, wee
Whole Forreſts ſend to Raigne upon the Sea,
And ev'ry Coaſt may trouble or relieve,
But none can viſit us without your leave;
Angels and we have this Prerogative,
That none can at our happy Seat arrive,
While we deſcend at pleaſure to invade
The Bad with vengeance, or the good to aide:
Our little World, the Image of the Great,
Like that amidſt the boundleſs Ocean ſet,
Of her own Growth has all that Nature craves,
And all that's Rare as Tribute from the Waves;
As *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
But to her *Nyle* owes more, then to the Sky;

So

So what our Earth, and what our Heav'n denies,
Our ever constant Friend, the Sea, supplies;
The taste of hot *Arabia's* Spice we know,
Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow;
Without the Worm in *Persian* Silks we shine,
And without Planting Drink of every Vine;
To digg for Wealth we weary not our Limbs,
Gold, though the heavy'st Metall, hither swims;
Ours is the Harvest where the *Indians* mowe,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others Sowe.
Things of the noblest kinde our own soyle breeds,
Stout are our men, and Warlike are our Steeds;
Rome, though her Eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this Island all her own;
Here the third *Edward*, and the black Prince too,
France conqu'ring *Henry* flourisht, and now You
For whom we stay'd, as did the *Grecian* State,
Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate:
When for more Worlds the *Macedonian* cry'de,
He wist not *Thetis* in her Lapp did hide
Another yet, a world reserv'd for you
To make more great, then that he did subdue:
He safely might old Troops to Battail leade
Against th' unwarlike *Persian*, and the *Mede*,
Whose hastie flight did, from a bloodless Field,
More Spoyle then Honor to the Victor yield;
A Race unconquer'd, by their Clyme made bold,
The *Calidonians* arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your Fame,
Bin, from all Ages, kept, for you to tame,
Whom the old *Roman* wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of Garisons you bind,
Here forraign Gold no more shall make them come,
Our *English* Iron holds them fast at home;
They, that henceforth must be content to know,
No warmer Region then their Hills of Snow,
May blame the Sun, but must extoll your Grace,
Which in our Senate has allow'd them place;
Preferr'd by Conquest, happily o'rethrowne,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one;

So kinde Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd Foes, free Citizens of *Rome*.
Like favor find the *Irish*, with like Fate
Advanc'd to be a portion of our State;
While by your Valour, and your Courteous mind
Nations divided by the Sea are joyn'd.
Holland, to gain your Friendship, is content
To be our Out-guard on the Continent;
Shee from her fellow-Provinces would goe,
Rather then hazard to have you her Foe:
In our late Fight when Cannons did diffuse
Preventing posts, the terror and the newes
Our neighbor-Princes trembled at their rore,
But our Conjunction makes them tremble more.
Your never-fayling Sword made War to cease,
And now you heale us with the arts of Peace,
Our minds with bounty, and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage:
Less pleasure take, brave minds in battails won,
Then in restoring such as are undon,
Tygers have courage, and the rugged Bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.
To pardon willing, and to punish loath,
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both,
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live:
When Fate, or Error had our Age mis-led,
And o'r these Nations such confusion spred,
The onely cure which could from Heav'n come down,
Was so much Power and Clemency in one.
One, whose Extraction from an ancient Line,
Gives hope again that well-born Men may shine,
The meanest in your Nature milde and good,
The noble rest secured in your Blood.
Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in Peace
A minde proportion'd to such things as these?
How such a Ruling-spirit you could restrain?
And practice first over your self to raign?
Your private Life did a just pattern give
How Fathers, Husbands, pious Sons, should live,

Born to command, your Princely vertues slept
Like humble *David's*, while the Flock he kept;
But when your troubled Countrey call'd you forth,
Your flaming Courage, and your Matchless worth
Dazeling the eyes of all that did pretend
To fierce Contention, gave a prosp'rous end:
Still as you rise, the State exalted too,
Finds no distemper, while 'tis chang'd by you.
Chang'd like the Worlds great Scene, when without noise,
The rising Sun Nights vulgar Lights destroyes.
Had you some Ages past, this Race of glory
Run, with amazement, we should read your story;
But living Virtue, all atchievements past,
Meets Envy still to grapple with at last.
This *Cesar* found, and that ungrateful Age
Which loting him, fell back to blood and rage:
Mistaken *Brutus* thought to break their yoke,
But cut the Bond of Union with that stroke.
That Sun once set, a thousand meaner Stars,
Gave a dim light to Violence and Wars,
To such a Tempest, as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty Arm prevent the fall.
If *Romes* great Senate could not weild that Sword,
Which of the Conquer'd world had made them Lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
To rule victorious Armies but by you?
You that had taught them to subdue their Foes,
Could Order teach, and their high Spirits compose,
To every Duty could their Minds engage,
Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage.
So when a Lyon shakes his dreadfull Mayn,
And angry growes, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty Beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.
As the vex'd World to finde repose at last
It self into *Augustus* arms did cast;
So *England* now does with like toyle oppress,
Her weary Head upon your Bosome rest.
Then let the Muses with such Notes as these
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace;
Your Battails they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the Image of our *Mars* in fight: Tell

Tell of Towns storm'd, of Armies overrun,
And mighty Kingdoms by your Conduct won;
How while you thunder'd, Clouds of Dust did choak
Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in smoak:
Illustrious acts high Raptures doe infuse,
And every Conqueror creates a Muse.

Here in low Strains your milder Deeds we sing,
But there (my Lord) wee'll Bayes and Olive bring
To Crown your Head, while you in Triumph ride
O're vanquish'd Nations, and the Sea besides;
While all your Neighbor-Princes unto you
Like *Joseph's* Sheaves pay rev'rence and bow.

Edmond Waller.

FINIS.